THE PACIFIC

Pac Theo Sem
Reading Room

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A Prayer.

Out of the heavens come down to me,
O Lord, and hear my earnest prayer;
On life above the life I see
Fix thou my soul, and keep it there.

The richest joys of earth are poor;
The fairest forms are all unfair;
On what is peaceable and pure,
Set thou my heart and keep it there.

Pride builds her house upon the sand;
Ambition treads the spider's stair;
On whatsoever things will stand
Set thou my feet and keep them there.

The past is vanished in the past;
The future doth a shadow mar;
On whatsoever things are fast
Fix thou mine eyes, and keep them there.

—Alice Cary.

THE PACIFIC

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GOD'S WORKS INTERPRET HIM.

Thy works, O Lord, interpret thee,
And through them all thy love is shown;
Flowing about us like a sea,
Yet steadfast as the eternal throne.

Out of the light that runneth through
Thy hand, the lily's dress is spun;
Thine is the brightness of the dew,
And thine the glory of the sun.

—Alice Cary.

The First Congregational Church of Los Angeles is having "America" with the two additional stanzas by Dr. Van Dyke printed for insertion in its hymn book. It is as we said when the telegraph first flashed those stanzas across the continent, "America" will be dearer to the hearts of Californians than ever before.

The Congregational churches of South California received more members during the year 1905, both on confession of faith and by letter, than the churches of Northern California received. For Southern California the figures were: On confession, 887; by letter, 1080; total, 1967. For Northern, they were: on confessin, 804; by letter, 864; total, 1668. There are 62 churches in Southern California; 129 in Northern. The total membership in Southern California, according to the statistics for 1905, was 9902; in Northern California it was 12,496. This makes a total for the State of 22,398.

The special attention of all our readers is called to the article with the caption, "A Statement and an Appeal," by the Board of Directors of The Publishing Company of the Pacific, which appears elsewhere in our columns this week. Several thousand copies of this will be printed in leaflet form and can be had for distribution on application by letter or otherwise to the editor of The Pacific. The movement inaugurated at the Pacific Coast Congress in Los Angeles to raise $10,000 must be carried to a successful issue. It is hoped that the chairmen of the committee for the different parts of the coast will take the matter in hand at once for their respective sections, and so direct in the work that the money will be raised speedily It is the intention of the directors to invest the same in a printing plant to be owned and controlled wholly by the Publishing Company of The Pacific. The plan is that this shall be the nucleus for an endowment which shall grow with the passing years. And friends of the paper are asked to begin to remember it in their wills. The corporate name is "The Publishing Company of The Pacific." Pacific Coast Congregationalism cannot do its work without The Pacific; and there is not accordingly an interest or institution of any kind that is more worthy of an endowment. The present writer hopes to live to see the day when The Pacific will have an endowment of an hundred thousand dollars. To bring this about will be his aim as long as he has any connection whatever with the paper.

The three states of California, Oregon and Washington have a Congregational church membership of 36,053; divided as follows: California 22,398; Oregon 4,464; Washington 9,191. The membership in Idaho is 1,121. The Idaho churches are largely in that part of the state which gives them Pacific coast affiliations. In Nevada we have only one church, that at Reno, the membership of which was the first of January 142. The six churches in Arizona have a membership of 372. Utah has nine churches with a total membership of 1,205. This gives a total Congregational church membership on the Pacific coast of 38,892. The churches in Utah and Arizona and a part of those in Idaho being somewhat remote from the Congregational center of the coast have not much of a Pacific coast consciousness. With the others largely there is such a consciousness and the churches seem more closely bound in fellowship than the churches of any other part of the country. Especially is this so when the large territory covered by them is taken into consideration. The Pacific has been a prominent factor in the creating and developing of this coast consciousness and fellowship. It has ministered for many years to the needs of all our coast work and has had considerable to do in the making of Pacific Coast Congregationalism what it is today. It is to the members of these churches that The Pacific looks now for that support which will enable the paper to meet the demands of the times in the larger and louder calls coming to it for Christian service in the interest of our beloved coast and the lands across the ocean from which comes the Macedonian cry, "Come over and help us." It ought to be sufficient to say that the circulation of The Pacific is pitifully small for a church membership of nearly forty thousand. But we believe that out of the earthquake and the fire, in which it suffered heavily, good will yet come for it; that the Congregational people of the coast will rally in its interests and send it on down the ages a help and a blessing to this western world.

THE PACIFIC COAST.

The Rev. Dr. Torrey was one of the speakers at the Summer Assembly at Mt. Hermon, near Santa Cruz, last week.

A representative of The Pacific Baptist went recently to Mt. Vernon, Washington, and writes as follows: "With the pastor's help twenty new subscriptions to The Pacific Baptist were taken in a single day, not more than three of the members of the church turned the proposition down." That is a model little church so far as its attitude toward the church paper goes. Would that it were possible to get Pacific Coast Congregationalists as interested in their coast paper as the people of other denominations are in theirs. The interests of all our Congregational work demand it. Efforts to that end heretofore, however, have failed.

An excellent article by the Rev. Dr. Meserve, setting forth the needs of the stricken Congregational Churches in California, appeared recently in both The Congregationalist and The Advance. This gives the churches in the East something definite, and in all probability as soon as the vacation season is over and the people who are able to aid largely have returned to their homes, generous contributions will begin to come this way. The article by Dr. Meserve was written at the suggestion of the California Relief Committee, and it was stated that not less than $200,000 would be required to re-establish the churches.

The Rev. Dr. Hill, who has been the pastor of the First Presbyterian Church of Portland for eleven years, has accepted a call to the chair of Homiletics in McCormick Theological Seminary, Chicago. It was with great reluctance that his church consented to release him from the pastorate in Portland. Last year an attempt was made by the liquor interests and the Daily Oregonian, whom Dr. Hill had offended by his attitude on certain public questions, to drive him from the city. The cry was, even in the columns of the daily paper, "Dr. Hill must go." One Sunday in the First Congregational Church, the pastor, the Rev. Dr. House, asked for an expression of his people, and without exception the large congregation arose and expressed themselves in thorough sympathy with Dr. Hill and his church in the fight which the enemies of good order had brought upon them. This action was conveyed at once to Dr. Hill and his people and the two churches were from that day forth more firmly united in the bonds of fellowship than ever before.

The Rev. W. C. Merritt, of Tacoma, who has been in Berkeley for several weeks, went East this week to spend several months in that part of the country in the work of the International Sunday School Association. Mr. Merritt goes first to Winona, Indiana, where he will meet with the executive committee of the association. Later he goes to Wyoming for several weeks' work. Mr. Merritt has long been an earnest Sunday-school worker and in various capacities along this line has sown good seed throughout the Northwest. A year or more ago he resigned the secretaryship of the International Association in Washington, intending to re-enter the pastorate; but soon the general work appealed to him again and he took a position as field worker in the Northwest, traveling in Washton, Oregon, Idaho, Montana and British Columbia. Before Mr. Merritt left on this Eastern trip he made a generous pledge to the $10,000 fund which is being raised for The Pacific,, believing that the Congregational churches of the coast cannot do the work they are called to do without the coast paper.

The editor of the Pacific Christian Advocate, which is published at Portland, Oregon, is suffering from a nervous collapse which is the result of long-continued overwork on that paper. The California Christian Advocate says in way of comment: "A good many people imagine that editing a paper is an easy job. Everything depends on the conditions. Editorial writing under favorable conditions is not the hard part of the work. There is as much drain upon the forces of the editor in the 'make-up,' the general mechanical expression of his paper, as there is in producing the editorial matter. Then comes the strain of getting the news, reading acres of manuscript, reducing it to the limits of the space at command, then follows the fight to get it printed; proofs must be read, reread, corrected, read again, corrected again; then mailing, and all is scarcely done until the cry comes from the compositor for more copy. The editor cannot say 'I am tired.' His work takes hold of him. It is like a leech on his temple day and night. Very few editors know enough to take a vacation. The work requires long hours. There is the pile of letters bushels of exchanges, the accounts, the bills, the statements ,the mailing list, conventions, conferences, rallies, and a thousand and one things to be thought of and attended to. Only iron men can endure the strain to make a live, vigorous, aggressive, religious paper. The editor is 'on his nerve' all the time. We do not wonder that they collapse." It is said that Dr. Rader, like the editors of many of the smaller religious papers, has had to give large attention also to the business management of the Advocate; that subscriptions to the amount of $8,000 are long due and unpaid, and that worry over business matters has had much to do with the break-down.

The impression is abroad in the East that some of the money that was contributed by Christian people for the relief of the stricken cities of California immediately after the earthquake and the fire went to the aid of the churches; or that it can be so turned yet in part. It is not, however, possible for the churches to get a dollar of that money, and we do not think that it is right that they should get any of it. Accordingly the churches must be aided in other ways. This aid is not forthcoming as rapidly as it should, and Christian work is languishing. Only a small amount has come as yet to Congregationalists—though it is evident now that the need will have earnest consideration as soon as the vacation season in the East is over—and the Methodist Church it seems is not responding as it must if their work is not to languish. The California Christian Advocate for July the 26th says: "Our people are sagging down under their load and a deep shadow of disappointment is threatening to overwhelm the few people staggering to their feet. Unless the great Methodist Episcopal Church will arise and help the churches in San Francisco and vicinity now, the Methodism of this vicinity where it ought to be strong and influential, will remain a puny, sickly, drooping reed. We distinctly refuse to believe that the 3,000,000 of Methodists intend to allow San Francisco Methodism to languish and die. Our churches are responding nobly. The Young Men's Christian Association under the leadership of its secretary is rising out of the ashes. We will not believe

that Methodists are less generous, less appreciative than the Baptists, the Presbyterians nor yet the Episcopalians. We lost more churches than any other denomination. The churches still standing are ideally located but they have now languished three months when they ought to have been on their feet in three weeks. Next to the earthquake itself is the sickening and weakening effects of this long uncertainty. The feeling has gone abroad over the country through the secular press, which knows nothing, absolutely nothing about the needs of the churches and cares nothing about them, that San Francisco was not much damaged, and that it will be as good as ever in a few months." The Advocate says further: "Our people cannot build their own homes, how can they build their churches?" In the Methodist churches of San Francisco there was a large number of people in comparatively poor circumstances in life, and the situation certainly is one that should be met speedily.

"Westward Ho!" is the title of an article in the August number of The Outing Magazine, in which it is said that it has come to pass that the journey from New York to California is considered worth talking about now as much as the trip to London or Paris; and "there are grounds for hope that at no far-distant time the average American with money and the time for a summer or winter holiday will take pains to study his own land before he flies to the nearest steamship office to get a sailing schedule." The author, Stuart L. Douglas, says: "There is no resort anywhere to compare in wealth and popularity with Los Angeles, whose chief asset is its climate. It is only one, however, of a chain of resorts along five hundred miles of coast whose hotels and environment are far more attractive than those which border the Atlantic." "It is hopeless," says Mr. Douglas, in another part of his article, "to atempt to convince the man who has not strayed beyond the Alleghanies that he knows almost nothing of the real America of the present or future. Yet if he would see vividly contrasting phases of life he will fare toward the Pacific instead of toward the Mediterranean. If he wishes a unique grandeur of scenery he must turn his face toward the Cascades, the Rockies, the Great Lakes and Puget Sound. If he would see the great glaciers go marching into the lonely sea he will make the Alaska trip and have something big and fresh to talk about, instead of being contented to do the merry-go-round of Switzerland." Writing concerning the disregard of distance by the people of the Pacific coast, Mr. Douglas says: "The Seattle merchant makes less pother about running across country to New York than the New Yorker makes of a trip to Buffalo. The Portland Fair sent many a visitor home with new ideas about the ease of long-distance travel in America. The man from the East gasped and blinked to find a journey of a couple of thousand miles as airily mentioned as if it were a jaunt between Philadelphia and Boston. If the pilgrim went to the coast by one of the northern routes and tarried at Spokane, he heard his acquaintances chatting about 'going over to Seattle to spend Sunday.' These two cities of the Northwest are as far apart as New York and Pittsburg, but for all practical purposes they are neighbors. It is possible that our pilgrim decided to go down the coast from Portland to San Francisco, and was amazed to find himself in a fast train for a longer time than would be required to transport him from New York to Kansas City or New Orleans. He revised his conceptions of American geography, but he could not accustom himself to the nonchalant ease with which the native hopped across the vast distances. He had believed San Francisco and Los Angeles related in distance about as are New York and Atlantic City, and when he was whirled along in a limited train for fourteen hours on end, he was again befogged with astonishment." Among the further observations in this article is this: "The Portland Fair showed also that the Easterners can be lured west by the thousand, provided low rates of transportation are offered." Mr. Douglas testifies that there is no spirit of desire to rob the tenderfoot, but rather a systematic endeavor to convince him that he can find more attractive out-of-dors, and get more of it for his money than he can in the East. And contemplating the educational advantages he well says that a ten thousand mile tour of the United States should be a part of the education of every young American whose father can afford it. In a sentence or two it is shown that the traveler to our shores will realize as never before, as he watches the great ships go out to China, Japan, Honolulu, and Australia, how the destinies of our nation are closely linked with the lands far away over the sea.

THE RELIGIOUS WORLD.

The British Weekly of recent date says: "We read with great sympathy the numbers of The Pacific, the representative journal of the Congregational churches of the Pacific Coast. It is now reduced to four small pages. Under the courage which inspires its columns, it is but too easy to see the great strain of the situation." This is followed by the quotation of a few paragraphs from The Pacific, showing different situations in San Francisco and the difficulties under which work is being resumed.

Recent reports as to conditions in the Reformed Presbyterian Church (Covenanters) indicate that the members in general are faithful in the matter of personal private devotions, that there is a family altar in many homes, that the Sabbath is kept holy and that there is a growth in liberal giving. It is said that large numbers of the young people are making early profession of faith and that less than ten per cent of the baptized members over fourteen years of age fail to come into the full membership of the church.

The aged Geronimo, chief of the Apache Indians, has been a professing Christian for several years, and is believed to be one in reality by those who know him best. However, one who saw him not a great while ago, writes that if the opportunity had offered itself he would have fought for the right to pursue happiness according to his instincts and traditions. To one who called on the aged chief recently, he said: "I am praying to the white man's God, who has made me a fit man for heaven, to spare my life for a few years longer, to spare it until I am freed from custody, and see my people in free homes. God knows my heart is good, but I am telling him my people need me here more than I am needed in a better world."

The editor of the New York Christian Advocate writes concerning the late Dr. Judson Smith: "To think of the American Board of Commissioners for Foreign Missions as without Dr. Judson Smith, for twenty-two years one of its secretaries, is to us a hard task. He was a superior man, and had diversified experience in many spheres. We always felt pleased when any-

thing arose to require information in a line familiar to him, and rather more so on the few occasions that we were able to respond to his inquiries. Never did he write to this office or to its Editor without in some subtle way diffusing the spirit of fraternity, devotion to Christ and personal regard, through the phrases that at first glance seemed only to deal with some objective proposition. In personal interviews he was all that the words 'Christian gentleman' imply."

The British Weekly of July the 12th says "The Rev. Hugh Black occupied the pulpit of St. George's on Sabbath for the first time since his resignation. At both services the seating capacity of the church was taxed to its utmost. In the evening, at twenty minutes before the hour of service, there was a line of at least five hundred strangers, stretching down the street from the side entrance, and this was continually being added to by a stream of fresh arrivals. It was an inspiring sight, on a lovely summer evening, when the pleasures of the open air are so alluring, and surely it was a marked tribute to the power of the preacher. One observed with satisfaction the large proportion of young men among the crowd." Dr. Black resigned to take a chair in Union Theological Seminary, New York.

"Never was Christ more preached and more set forth in the world's literature than today," says the Rev. Meade C. Wililams in the Princeton Theological Review. "But is it always the full Christ who is exhibited?" "'Back to Christ' has been the cry of some; very good; only let it be truly back. Back to Christ of type and prophecy. Back to him of whom Moses in the law and the prophets did write. Back to the Christ of Bethlehem, 'conceived by the power of the Holy Spirit,' the Christ of Nazareth, of Galilee and of Calvary. Also, up to Christ, the ascended, living Christ, the God-man, the Christ of today with his priesthood and headship. And not only back to Christ, and up to Christ, but forward to Christ, who is to come again to be admired of his saints and to judge the world. Let it be the full-orbed Sun of righteousness whom we preach."

In a recent address Prof. L. T. Townsend of the school of theology, Boston University, said: "From a certain standpoint the new theology may only be a series of 'bubbles,' but from another standpoint it may represent much of scholarship and earnest piety. It is possible, however, that far too much attention has been given to this matter. People generally have no interest in it. The preacher who discusses the 'New Theology,' or 'Higher Criticism' in his pulpit will soon have either a yawning congregation, or a yawning array of empty pews. If a Fourth of July orator spends an hour in tedious argumentations respecting the author or authors of the Declaration of Independence, small wonder if his audience longs for the noise of a firecracker or a glass of pink lemonade. The question of authorship is a small matter. The 'Declaration' and the principles for which it stands will abide when the names of even its signers shall have been forgotten."

Preventive evangelism is the need in the present age rather than rescue evangelism. Indeed, it has always been the need; but latterly it is becoming on all sides the demand. We quote from the recent report of a Mission in one of the poorer quarters of London: "The workers have long since been convinced that the problem of the lapsed masses is not to be solved altogether by great adult missions of either a temporary or permanent character. It must be attacked at a much earlier stage of its existence. The well-known test of setting a patient to empty a cistern into which a tap is constantly running would condemn many of the methods of some churches. They have spent vast sums of money, and the life blood of countless workers, in emptying the cistern of our national life of its lapsed manhood and womanhood, and they have rejoiced at the trickle that has found its way into the kingdom of their Lord as a result of their efforts. But so thin and feeble has the trickle been that it has not perceptibly lessened the volume left behind, because through a hundred taps the cistern had been filled up again and again by the hundreds of thousands of young people who annually pass through the schools and institutions of the church, and are lost to her services and life. Too old to attend Sunday-school, the churches have failed to retain them. They have seen them go with a sigh, as though, however regrettable, it was something inevitable and unpreventable. Our workers do not recognize the inevitableness, and are beginning to place the emphasis on the necessity for 'turning off the tap.' They feel that if the churches would give the time, money and prayer to the work of preventive evangelism and training that they have hitherto given to the work of rescue evangelism, the problem of the 'lapsed' would solve itself. They have therefore addressed themselves with a passionate zeal to this work of saving the children. And in no part of their work have finer results been achieved."

From many sources comes the testimony that there is great readiness now on the part of the people of Japan to listen to the gospel. A representative of a leading denomination, after making a tour through the empire, said recently that never before in any country had he witnessed such readiness to listen to the gospel message. It is significant that many of the Japanese leaders are bearing witness for Christianity. Count Okuma has said: "History has furnished many instances of countries which, so far from benefiting from victorious wars, have dated their decline from armed success. Civilization unaccompanied by morality is doomed to fail. I hope you will live up to the teachings of Christ." And the famous author of Bushido said recently: "Up till recently, Japan has been a skeleton with little or no moral flesh on it. And it is to Christianity that we must look to give this moral flesh. It is as a State, and not as a society, that we have made changes and progress; and now the time has come to make changes in society. This is dependent on the personal character of those in places of leadership and authority; and personal character is best improved by Christianity." The impression being abroad in India that Christianity has had little influence upon Japan, and that Japan owes her modern progress to non-Christian and religious institutions, has led to a request from the Indian Young Men's Christian Association that Japanese representatives be sent to India to correct that impression. There is a desire also in China that a similar impression there be corrected. Not long ago a Chinese representative of the Y. M. C. A. said in an address in Japan: "It is very commonly stated as an argument against Christianity that without it Japan has been able to rise to a place among the first Powers of the world. The direct and indirect influence of Christian principles in the development of Japan is unknown to the Chinese. The interesting facts about Christianity's progress in Japan

should be made known in China. China is going to be greatly influenced by the precedents established in Japan. Today is Japan's day of opportunity in China; it is likewise her day of responsibility. Politically she is rising to her duty in a masterly way. A great forward movement in the Christian Church in Japan would be one of the greatest possible blessings to China. Will the Church be less wise and less vigilant than the nation?" In this day of Japan's great responsibility to China and other nations, it is evident that our responsibility to Japan is increased. In no age of the world has there been a louder call for Christian consecration.

FOR SORROWING HEARTS.

There lies befre us, as we write, a letter from a friend in which are these words: "I cannot understand why one who has led so devoted a life should be made to give up the little child who had brought to her life the sunshine that I felt was a reward for the patient suffering she has endured with me, and the devotion she has given to me and the little sister during our dark days."

As we read these lines there came to mind the words of Christ: "What I do ye know not now, but ye shall know hereafter." In God's dealings with individuals and the world there are things that are dark and mysterious. Yet we know that God doeth all things well, that he is love, that he seeks our welfare here and hereafter, and that in his own good time the mists will be cleared away.

It was such a belief as this that enabled Mrs. Browning to say:

> "I praise Thee while my days go on;
> I love Thee while my days go on;
> Through dark and dearth,through fire and frost,
> With emptied arms and treasures lost,
> I thank Thee while my days go on."

For this friend, from whom a loved one has been taken, as well as for others to whom bereavement has come, we give here the following beautiful and comforting poem:

"Mid the pastures green of the blessed isles,
Where never is heat or cold,
Where the light of life is the Shepherd's smile,
Are the Lambs of the Upper Fold.
Where the lilies blossom in fadeless spring,
And never heart grows old,
Where the glad new song is the song they sing,
Are the Lambs of the Upper Fold.

There are tiny mounds where the hopes of earth
Were laid 'neath the tear-wet mold,
But the light that paled at the stricken hearth
Was joy to the Upper Fold.
Oh, the white stone beareth a new name now,
That never on earth was told,
And the tender Shepherd doth guard with care
The Lambs of the Upper Fold."

Several years ago we came across a story entitled "The Sweet Young Sister." It was laid away to be used for the comfort of sorrowing hearts as occasion might offer. We reproduce it here now:

The sweet young sister of a little boy was dying. The child had heard that if one could secure but a single leaf from the tree of life that grew in the garden of God every illness could be healed. No one had dared to attempt the quest, however, for the way was very hard, and a great angel guarded the gate of the garden against mortals. The child loved his suffering sister so well that he resolved to find the garden, and plead with the angel for the healing leaf. So over rock and moor and hill he went, until in the golden sunset the beautiful gate appeared, and he tearfully made his request to the angelic sentinel. "None can enter this garden," replied the angel, "but those children for whom the King has sent, and he has not called for you." "But one leaf," pleaded the child, "one little leaf to heal my sister. He can not wish that my sister should suffer so and die and leave me all alone. Have pity, great angel, and hear my prayer."

The angel looked down on the little suppliant with deep love and pity, and said: "The King has sent my brother, the angel of death, to bring your sister to himself. If you are allowed to keep her, will you promise me to see that she will never again lie tossing on a sick bed in pain?" "How can I?" said the wondering child. "Not even the wisest physicians can keep us from sickness always." "Then will you promise me that she shall never be unhappy, nor do wrong, nor suffer sorrows, nor be cold or hungry or tired, nor be spoken to or treated harshly?" asked the angel. "Not if I can help it," answered the child bravely; "but perhaps even I could not always make her happy." "Then," replied the angel tenderly, "the world where you keep her must be a sad place. Now I will open the gate just a little, and you may look into the garden for a moment, and then, if you wish it, I will myself ask the King for a leaf from the tree of life to heal your sister."

The astonished child looked in where grew the living tree, and where flowed the crystal river, and where stood the bright mansions, and where walked and talked immortal children under a light more beautiful than that of the sun, and with friends more loving than those of earth, and where love and blessing reigned forever. He looked until his eyes widened in surprise, and glowed with joy, and, turning to the angel, he said softly: "I will not ask for the leaf now. There is no place so beautiful as this; there is no friend so kind as the angel of death. I wish he would take me, too."

So the child turned back under the stars that shone like celestial eyes upon him. And as he went a ray of gold light fell upon his path and wonderful music, such as he never before heard, filled his ears, and he knew that the golden gate had opened to receive his sister. And it was so that when he saw her silent form upon her little bed at home he was comforted.

For the Christian death is the gateway to a better life; and in the many mansions beyond we shall have our loved ones in a purer, more joyous companionship than we have had them here. God is love. And he has promised a time when there shall be neither suffering nor sorrow any more. With good reason has a poet said:

> "Our own are our own forever—
> God taketh not back his gift;
> They may pass beyond our vision,
> But our souls shall find them out,
> When the waiting is all accomplished,
> And the heavy shadows lift,
> When glory is given for grieving,
> And the surety of God for doubt.

"We may find the waiting bitter,
And count the silence long:
God knoweth we are dust,
And he pitieth our pain;
But when faith has grown to fulness,
And the silence changed to song,
We shall eat the fruit of patience,
And shall hunger not again.

"So, sorrowing hearts, who dumbly
In darkness and all alone
Sit missing a dear lost presence
And the joy of a vanished day,
Be comforted with this message—
That our own are forever our own,
For God, who giveth the precious gift,
Will take it never away."

SAN FRANCISCO AND CHURCH FEDERATION.

Under the above caption, Mr. F. B. Upham of Bridgeport, Connecticut, writes as follows in the New York Christian Advocate:

"San Francisco in the hour of her need finds friends everywhere. We are glad of it and most heartily enlist ourselves in the number. Still, we venture to offer a suggestion or two accompanying a gift of more acceptable worth.

"When and where could God give his church a better chance to show unity and common sense than today in San Francisco? Churches of all denominations are in ruins. On one corner of the street—in all probability—are the ruins of a Congregational church, directly oposite the ruins of a Baptist church, and not a block away the ruins of a Methodist church. Such, at least, would be the situation in many of our Eastern cities were a catastrophe of a similar nature to overtake us. Indeed, in many of the churches are crowded together in a small space of territory, so crowded that the critic might say that we either felt the need of mutual protection or feared to let our so-called allies get out of sight. Possibly, probably, such is the situation in certain sections of stricken San Francisco.

"Are these churches to be rebuilt on their original sites? Is the great Presbyterian church giving liberally, and the Congregational and Baptist and Methodist, to reproduce this congested and wasteful condition? Or, is there to be no great congestion, and the Christian people of the country called upon to give money that churches may be rebuilt on the basis of the wisdom of fifty, twenty, or ten years ago? Why not place these churches where the spirit of unity and sanctified common sense would show they were needed? Why cannot the Methodist people consult with the other churches—not informally nor unofficially, nor privately, as in many cases undoubtedly they have done—but publicly and in all seriousness, ready to be bound by conclusions arrived at? Why cannot some representative board—say, the Church Extension Society—call for such a conference, in which there may be at least emphasized the practical fraternity of the Christian world of today? If there be any uncertainty as to the churches to be invited to this consultation, let our leaders work along the lines laid down by the Church Federation a year ago.

"Or, if this cannot be done—though it does not seem to ideal or impracticable—why cannot the Methodist church so work among its own? Many a city would be blessed if all its Methodist churches burned down and were then rebuilt and consolidated on a more far-reaching and generous policy.

"Much of this may already be under consideration, if not in practical operation. If so, may we hear through the columns of the church papers that such is the case—for it would add zest to the prayer "Thy kingdom come"—and if not, may we hear from those high in wisdom and office among us why we pray and preach for church unity, yet fail to move forward and accomplish it in a signal way when the door of opportunity is not only open but down? It will take time for its gate posts even to be built. Surely the door is decidedly open and ought to be entered."

We are pleased to see this article, especially in a Methodist paper, that church never having been at the front in federation or union movements.

We believe that some steps were taken by the California Church Federation Society, soon after the fire, to bring about better conditions as as to the location of churches in San Francisco. We do not believe that much, if anything, has come from it. The facts are, the churches will have to be severely disciplined by very adverse circumstances before it will be possible to bring them to that co-operation which the trend of the age in other work seems to demand.

ACORNS FROM THREE OAKS.

Aloha.

Welcome to the New Pacific!.

May God's blessing be rich and large upon the new machinery from the East which is to tell the progress of the Kingdom of his Son on this important Coast and in the wide Orient! May every church interested in it increase its interest! As we find strength in fellowship in the effort to get on the Million Dollar Line and to meet the apportionments for all the Boards we honor, and find a Children's Day full of promise for the blessed bairns, why will not our Pacific committee name some Sunday, far enough away for us all to get ready, when we shall make it the business of our whole people to put our useful paper on its feet? It can be done in such a way as to strengthen every other agency for good among us. The load comes out of the ruts, or the quagmire, when all the team pull together. I know a man who will devote a thousand postal cards to spreading the information, and putting in the rousements, if our honored committee wil print them and make them warm.

"Earthquake love" ought to last so long and do so much. What spice it will add to our Association this fall!!

A Real Estate Mistake.

Not in San Francisco, widening streets that ought to be Boulevards for a new City Wonderful and Beautiful but in a beautiful corner of a beautiful Saratoga. Mr. L. A. Sage who received Congress Springs as an inheritance from honored parents has applied for a license to sell intoxicating liquors there. Were he to bring down great train loads of the blackened debris of San Francisco, and dump them in the Springs and on his fair fields he could not make a greater mistake..

The swarming crowds of happy pic-nic-ers do not go there for alcohol but for shade and air and water. It has been a very popular resort all summer but serious men are saying he will drive away his best patrons if he opens a saloon. The strong sentiment of the community is against it as is proved by the

banishment of nine saloons in the last eighteen years. It was a hopeless cause for him before our Supervisors had met the enlargement of the voting district by the introduction of a voting machine brought in a less sympathetic contingent of voters from Cupertion. Our pastors are wide awake and harmonious. Union prayer-meetings during the week and Union open air services Sunday evening are occupied largely with this threatening assault of the liquor power.

Counter petitions are in circulation and the men who do value the respect of their fellow citizens are taking their names off the hurtful petition.

It seems strange that with the example of Pasadena, Palo Alto, and the scores of towns which prosper without the saloon, sane men should try to stem the rising tide of sentiment for a clean Santa Clara County. Write a letter friends. Speak a word. Help! Then pray for us.

Pleased But Not Proud.

Can we have God's blessing healing the wounds of the earthquake? Yes. Shall we build stronger and better? Yes. May we hang our pictures again? can we decorate again without damnation? Yes we can "express ourselves in a home" as Henry Ward Beecher said. We can make home a pleasant place on the way to the Heavenly Home and be "Pleased not Proud."

CURRENT EVENT AND COMMENT.

Timely Topics from Various Sources.

The cities of Pittsburgh and Allegheny are to be consolidated. Greater Pittsburgh will be the sixth largest city in the United States in population and area. The cities ranking above Greater Pittsburgh in population are New York, Chicago, Philadelphia, St. Louis and Boston. The combined area of Greater Pittsburgh will be about thirty-five square miles, larger than Berlin, Paris and Baltimore. The population of the combined cities will be more than 550,000.

St. Nicholas for August says: "Perhaps the strangest material ever used in building a school is that found cheapest in the town of New England, North Dakota. The structure is built entirely of agates. Of course, we do not mean such agates as small boys use in playing marbles. It is wholly of petrified wood which there is very plentiful upon the prairies. It is said that the material has been put together in most artistic fashion, so as to bring out its beauty; and that "when the sun shines the building glistens like crystal."

The telephone has robbed Alpine heights of some of their terrors. Two alpestrians lately lost their way on the great St. Bernard mountain. Wandering for hours in a fierce snow-storm, they at last reached one of the newly-built shelters erected by the monks. There they found not only food and a lamp, but also a telephone connected with the hospice. They called up the monks; and soon one of the brothers appeared, acocmpanied by two St. Bernard dogs, and conducted the men to the hospice, where they received the proper care. Many huts with telephones have been built in exposed places, and a number of lives have thus been saved.

As a result of its three months investigation, the Inter-State Commerce Commission will make radical recommendations. It is hinted that the report will advise Government ownership of the anthracite coalfields as the only means of protecting the public from extortion. Five leading railroads will be charged with violations of various anti-trust and inter-State laws.

The size of the Atlantic waves have been carefully measured for the Washington Hydrographic Bureau. In height the waves usually average about thirty feet, but in rough weather they attain from forty to forty-eight feet. In storms they are often from five hundred to six hundred feet long and last ten or eleven seconds, while the longest yet known measured half a mile and did not spend itself for twenty-three seconds.

The sudden reappearance of Nevada in the attention of the land, after being abandoned and despised as dead, offers an opportunity to memory and to imagination. Nevada has more square miles than all New England, Delaware, New Jersey and Maryland, but the population of the entire State is less than the population of Dallas, Tex., or Akron, Ohio, or Saginaw, Mich. During the needy days of the Civil War and afterwards Nevada poured $300,000,000 in precious metals into the currency of the land. The mines about Virginia City produced over $160,000,000. From its long sleep Nevada is roused again to life. Within the year the population of the State has doubled. And the stories of discoveries of gold at Bull Frog, Tonopah and elsewhere rival the Arabian Nights.—Central Christian Advocate.

Many delicate compliments have been paid the fair sex by men subtle in speech, but here is one straight from the heart of an illiterate negro that is difficult to excel. It is recalled by the Rev. C. P. Smith of Kansas City, in telling the story of a marriage fee. "When I was preaching in Walla Walla, Wash.," he said, "there was no negro preacher in town, and I was often called upon to perform a ceremony between negroes. One afternoon after I had married a young negro couple, the groom asked the price of the service. 'Oh, well,' said I, 'you can pay me whatever you think it is worth to you.' The negro turned and silently looked his bride over from head to foot, then slowly rolling up the whites of his eyes to me, said: 'Lawd, sah, you has done ruined me for life; you has, for sure.'"

In her "Boy's Life of Lincoln," now running in St. Nicholas, Helen Nicolay says: "Though a member of no church, Mr. Lincoln was most sincerely religious and devout. Not only was his daily life filled with acts of forbearance and charity; every great state paper that he wrote breathes his faith and reliance on a just and merciful God. He rarely talked, even with intimate friends, about maters of belief, but it is to be doubted whether any among the many people who came to give him advice, and sometimes to pray with him, had a better right to be called a Christian. He always received such visitors courteously, with a reverence for their good intention, no matter how strangely it sometimes manifested itself." Concerning Lincoln's fearlessness Miss Nicolay says: "Mr. Lincoln was so forgetful of self as to be absolutely without personal fear. He not only paid no attention to the threats which were constantly made against his life, but when, on July 11th, 1864, the Confederate General Early appeared suddenly and unexpectedly before the city with a force of 17,000 men, and Washington was for two days actually in danger of assault and capture, his unconcern gave his friends great uneasiness. On the 10th he rode out, as was his custom, to spend the night at the Soldiers' Home, but Secretary Stanton, learning that Early was advancing, sent after

him to compel his return. Twice afterward, intent upon watching the fighting which took place near Fort Stevens, north of the city, he exposed his tall form to the gaze and bullets of the enemy utterly heedless of his own peril; and it was not until an officer had fallen mortally wounded within a few feet of him that he could be persuaded to seek a place of greater safety.

"Heroic San Francisco" is the subject of an article by Louise Herrick Wall in the Century Magazine for August. It is one of the best articles yet written concerning the great calamity. The following is a quotation from it: "Early in the morning of April 19th, twenty-four hours after the heaviest shocks, when the earth still quaked at short intervals and the walls of wrecked buildings crumbled in at a puff of wind; when the fire had swept the Mission and most of the water front bare, and was rushing against and overwhelming the great business blocks of the main thoroughfares, at that moment attacking the heart of San Francisco itself; when Market street was the flue through which the fire sucked its air from the bay; when marble and brick and concrete business blocks crashed in on themselves or, in the wake of the breakers of fire, glowed down into heaps of lime and brick and ash and wire-draped junk; when the incessant explosions of dynamite of the fire fighters, who strove to save by destruction, came in rushes of sound on each wave of ash-laden air that burned the face and dimmed the sight, I walked the whole length of San Francisco from the ferry to army headquarters in the Presidio and back again, and made a number of detours into the burning city as far as the bayonets of the fire line of guards would permit, over hot debris and under festoons of half-melted, fallen wires, where the city in its first hot haste was vomited out upon these ruined streets; and yet I saw no despair upon any human face. In that day's tramp of twenty blistering miles I saw only four faces that showed the trace of tears, and heard fewer shaken voices, and yet for miles my way lay among those who had just lost their homes and had turned but then from seeing the complete destruction of all their material wealth. I was close to the people, often wedged in among them for twenty minutes at a time. I must have spoken to several hundred refugees, so could not have failed to know the temper of the crowd, even if it had interested me less profoundly."

GROWTH OF WHISKEY REVENUE.

It is officially stated that the Internal Revenue from fermented liquors in this country was in 1863, $1,628,934, and in 1905, $50,360,552.

This indicates the trend of things, and shows how completely the liquor men may have politics, both State and Municipal under their control.

This money as revenue for the government represents a tremendous power, and so long as men are depraved and men may be bought with money or bad whiskey, a reign of riot and corruption is inevitable. But a better day is coming. Men are waking up to the fact that the liquor is a blighting curse; that saloon business is not a business at all, but a den of iniquity where men are robbed of their brains and character; where homes are plunged into ruin and bright hopes of domestic happiness are forever blasted.

"Perfect love casteth out fear." Love hath no torments, but by perfect love all jealousies are cast out.

A STATEMENT AND AN APPEAL

By the Board of Directors of The Publishing Company of The Pacific.

In the great catastrophe which came recently upon San Francisco, The Pacific sustained a heavy loss. For years before it had been difficult to maintain the paper, although it has always, during the 56 years of its exisence, been regarded very generally as indispensable to all our Pacific coast Congregational interests.

At the Pacific Coast Congress in Los Angeles in May it was voted unanimously that an effort be made to raise among the churches a fund of $10,000 to be placed at the disposal of the Board of Directors to be used as seemed best to them.

It was voted also that every pastor be urged to present the cause to his people and do all in his power to greatly increase the subscription list.

For the working of this plan the Pacific Coast Congress appointed committees as follows:

Oregon.—E. L. House, C. F. Clapp, G. W. Nelson, Geo. H. Himes, H. N. Smith and E. C. Oakley.

Western Washington—Samuel Greene, E. L. Smith, H. B. Hendley, W. W. Scudder, H. C. Mason and H. P. James.

Northern California.—George C. Adams, W. H. Hopkins, W. T. Patchell, R. C. Brooks and C. R. Brown.

Southern California.—Geo. E. Soper, C. T. Brown, R. B. Larkin, B. F. Boller and A. W. Palmer.

Eastern Washington, Idaho, Nevada and Utah.—Geo. R. Wallace, Austin Rice, J. D. Neilaus, C. L. Mears and J. D. Kingsbury.

We, the Board of Directors, heartily welcome this action and plan.

We believe that The Pacific should have entrance at once into many more homes on the Pacific coast. We believe that the duty is upon Congregationalists on these shores to sustain it so as to make it perpetually a great power for good. The churches must have the paper and the churches must sustain it.

To this end we believe that it is necessary also that this fund of $10,000 be raised speedily. A crisis is upon us.

Accordingly, we issue this statement and appeal.

We desire to co-operate with the Pacific Coast Congress committees, to do all in our power to bring the plan to a successful issue.

We urge upon every one to whom this circular shall come prompt action. Lay the matter before the church, get every new name that possibly can be gotten for the subscription list. Get every dollar possible for the fund. It will be sacredly used.

To the individual member, our word is: The Pacific needs you and you need The Pacific. We are at a turning point for Congregationalism on the Pacific coast. The call is upon us to meet the crisis of the hour and to lay well the foundations for the future.

Let there be a rallying all along the coast to the support of our church paper—a blessing to every home into which it enters! An agency without which Pacific coast Congregationalism cannot properly do the work it is called to do!

The Pacific has always had its generous friends and supporters. Men who have aided it largely during recent years lost heavily in the great calamity of the 18th of April. And the time, for this and other reasons, has come now when it must appeal to all.

Moreover, a forward movement is demanded. What we need is The Pacific in every Congregational home on the coast. This brings every member of a Congregational church on the coast face to face with a duty and an opportunity.

What we need further is such a fund as will put the paper on such a foundation that it can in a proper manner minister to every coast interest. This is a call to every one who can do more than make an annual subscription, to contribute something to the fund.

Remember, that a contribution to The Pacific is a contribution to that which has done and is doing much to bind together and make effectual our Coast Congregationalism.

W. M. SEARBY,
WALTER FREAR,
J. L. BARKER,
GEO. H. COLLINS,
G. W. SCOTT,
D. GILBERT DEXTER,
Directors.

AMONG THE CHURCHES.

California.

San Francisco, Fourth.—Work was begun this week on the temporary building. The cost of the structure will be a little more than $1,000, which, with the furnishings, will necessitate an expenditure of about $1,300. The sum of $1,000 has been appropriated for this purpose by the committee having in charge the contributions for the aid of the suffering churches.

Grass Valley.—It was with sorrowful hearts that the members of the First Congregational Church of Grass Valley accepted the resignation of our beloved pastor, Rev. F. E. Dell. Not only in the church is there a unanimous desire that Mr. Dell remain,, but the entire town, regardless of religious affiliations, feel very deeply the loss sustained in his going. He and his wife have been most earnest and successful workers in all ways pertaining to the good of the church, adding to the zeal and enthusiasm of the former members, and by their earnest efforts and exemplary lives have brought many new ones into the fold. In looking over the four years of his work here we feel no man could have done better, and few so well. One thing that has rendered his work so acceptable and made him so unusually popular with the non-Christian element is the tact he has shown in his solicitations that they become Christians, not necessarily Congregationalists, but Christians. Oregon's Capitol cannot but be helped by the presence of such an efficient pastor and citizen as Mr. Dell. We are not surprised that he has been called to a larger field. What is our great loss wil be the gain of the First Congregational Church of Salem, Ore., to which church Mr. Dell goes.. The members and many friends of the Grass Valley church will always have tender memories, kindest of feelings and earnest prayers for the future welfare of Mr. and Mrs. Dell.

SOUTHERN CALIFORNIA.

The Rev. H. E. Banham, for three years pastor of our church at Highland, closes his work on July 31st. Large results have been accomplished during this period. A new and very attractive church edifice has been produced as a successor of the old and a fine parsonage property has been developed from one of less value. The membership is upwards of one hundred and thirty, and benevolences have been largely increased.

Rumor indicates that Mr. Banham, who has made many friends in Southern California, is to go to the church at Martinez, Cal.

The Rev. Thomas Hendry, pastor of Trinity Church, Los Angeles, is with his family spending a month at Oakland.

Superintendent Maile is sojourning during the heated term at Forest Home, a delightful camp in the woods at the foot of lofty Mt. San Bernardino. Rev. W. P. Hardy and Rev. S. G. Emerson and family are putting in vacation here.

Rev. F. J. Culver is the effective manager of the camp, which will probably enroll upwards of 300 people during the season.

Under the able leadership of Rev. C. W. Williams, the church at Avalon has rebuilt the edifice in a modern and most pleasing style. The exercises of dedication are set for August 12th. J. L. M.

THE INLAND EMPRIE LETTER.

(By Iorwerth.)

The Rev. G. R. Wallace, D.D., of Spokane, has received a call from the First Church of Toledo, Ohio, and, according to the papers, has accepted and will take charge by the middle of September. The First Church of Toledo is one of the largest in the State of Ohio. It has been without a pastor since Rev. Albert Marion Hyde was called to Boston last fall. Dr. Wallace came to Spokane in January(1899 from Pilgrim Church, Chicago. This church has grown to strength and commanding influence under his able and energetic ministry. He is a strong preacher and always interesting, and while dealing with modern subjects and covering the wide field of literature, he is evangelical.

During his ministry the Westminster (First) Church, Spokane, has made a splendid record; it has paid a heavy debt, as well as increased in membership, and social and spiritual power. Dr. Wallace is not only a preacher of extraordinary ability but also indefatigable as a pastor, and especially helpful in the prayer meeting. He is a man of convictions and has the courage to express them and fight for them.

Rev. W. M. Proctor and wife, of Ritzville, have left for the Puget Sound country to spend their vacation in the Cascade mountains. The churches of Ritzville are holding union services.

Rev. Francis O. Wyatt, of Pullman, has accepted a call for the pastorate of the Cheney Church, and will take charge on September 1st.

Rev. H. E. Mills, Plymouth Church, Spokane, and his family, are spending their vacation at Garden Springs, West Spokane.

Rev. W. . Hindley, Pilgrim Church, Spokane, and family, have gone to Vancouver, B. C., to spend their vacation among friends.

Rev. D. G. Curry is supplying at Washtucna and Kahlotus, Wash.

Portland, Oregon, has great expectations just now. She has been told by Mr. Day of the United States Geological Survey that she bids fair to become the Pittsburg of the Pacific coast. From the black sand that is very abundant at the mouth of the Columbia and is found all along the coast a high grade of magnetic iron ore has been made and this has been turned into a very fine quality of steel. It requires three tons of the sand to make one ton of the iron. The cost of the steel thus manufactured is about $20 a ton, and it is said to sell all the way from $30 to $200 a ton.

The Rev. Dr. William Horace Day, pastor of the First Congregational Church of Los Angeles, and Mrs. Day, plan to leave San Francisco for Japan on the 11th of August, to be absent three months. They will visit, among other persons and places, the Rev. Mr. Curtis of Niigata, who is the foreign pastor of the First Church of Los Angeles. The church has voted to send a donation to the field by Dr. Day and a free-will offering is being taken for this purpose. Dr. and Mrs. Day will go to China and will spend a little time also in the Hawaiian Islands.

I wonder why it is we are not all kinder than we are? How much the world needs it! How easily it is done! How infallibly it is remembered! How superabundantly it pays itself back! For there is no debtor in the world so honorable, so superbly honorable, as love. "Love never faileth."—Professor Drummond.

The Home.

There are loyal hearts, there are spirits brave,
There are souls that are pure and true;
Then give to the world the best you have,
And the best shall come back to you.

Give love, and love to your heart will flow,
A strength in your utmost need;
Have faith, and a score of hearts will show
Their faith in your word and deed.

For life is the mirror of king and slave—
'Tis just what you are and do;
Then give to the world the best you have,
And the best will come back to you.

—M. S. Bridges.

BREAKING UP.

How much the foregoing words mean to those who have lived twenty or more years in a home of their own, and then, through force of circumstances, have been obliged to "break up!" It is hard so to do, in a sense, even when it means a move to more luxurious quarters, for the life lived in the old home has its peculiar associations which, under ordinary circumstances, bind one to the old and render the change trying, desirable though it be.

A certain woman whose husband had been called to fill a high official position in another city, appeared so crushed when the breaking up came, that a half-envious neighbor exclaimed:

"I shouldn't shed a tear if I were in your place. Just think of the social honors awaiting you, and the fine house as well!"

"Yes, I know," was the tearful rejoinder, "but no home can ever be like this. For here my children were born, and here my mother died. History, both glad and sad, seems to be written over everything, and it breaks my heart to leave."

Hers, from the natural viewpoint, was a change so desirable as to leave no room for regret; still, that noble woman appreciated that a more luxurious home could never have such sacred associations as the unpretentious one she was leaving.

Still deeper, however, must be the heart-wound when back of the breaking up is loss of property which makes the doing so imperative, as was the case with one who writes:

"The blow has fallen! and we are now in the throes of making ready to leave the dear home which has sheltered us for over twenty years. A home, too, made sacred by memories of the beloved ones carried across the threshold which we will soon cross for the last time. It is heart-breaking! so I will not allow myself to write of it, at length, while the wound is still bleeding; but pray, pray that heart and flesh fail not at this time of pressure on both the mental and physical."

Most of us, especially those who have left youth behind, know what breaking up of the home means. Still, every such trial, methinks, makes it a little easier to let go of earth's idols, and has a tendency to make us look with more longing eyes toward the "mansion"—the "abiding place," as it is sometimes rendered—on which change will not be written.—Helena Thomas.

THE UGLY DUCKLING.

I wonder if in your childhood you read Andersen's story of the "Ugly Duckling," and found in it a parable of your own life? If so, you understand how much the little human ugly duckling can suffer, and you will take care not to pet your swans in such a way as to take all the zest out of life for your poor little duckling.

As a rule, it is the pretty and clever children of the family who are most noticed and petted by their parents.

That is quite natural, for prettiness and cleverness are very attractive; and when one can have a special pride in them—as parents can have—it is very easy to over-indulge the feeling.

One may be fairly sure that clever and pretty children will meet with approval and encouragement from the outside world, and also that these will be wanting to their less attractive sisters and brothers.

It is, therefore, highly necessary that the latter should have all possible encouragement from their parents, even to the neglect of the more gifted members of the family, for the general tendency is to make the gifted conceited by too much notice, and to discourage the ugly and the slow by the want of it.

Home influence will generally make or mar a child's character, and it is certain to make or mar his happiness. Our earliest impressions sink deeply, and the child slighted by its parents is likely to grow up having a sort of grudge against the world at large because his nature is soured from being defrauded of the love which was his by right in childhood.

In dealing with a slow, plodding boy or girl and a brilliantly clever one, the thing which the parents have to consider is that cleverness and merit are not by any means the same thing.

The brilliant child will carry off all sorts of school honors with little or no effort; and the slow child, in spite of taking infinite pains, will never achieve distinction.

Then the thing to be praised and admired is steady, conscientious work, and if only parents will encourage this they will confer a lasting benefit. In training dull boys and girls, one ought to encourage them with all one's power. It is so hard to strive for anything which one sees others can get without any trouble, and perhaps there is no heroism greater than in steadily doing one's best when one knows that, in spite of all one's efforts, it can only be second best.

Scores of litle ugly ducklings have this heroism, and it deserves appreciation and respect.—Maria Fuller, in the New York American.

An Irishman wooed and won a Jewess. When the first-born was to be baptized the contentions waxed stout between the two families as to the proper name for the babe, his family insisting that it should be Patrick, and hers that it should be Moses. Neither side would yield, until in desperation they said to the clergyman, "We can't agree; you give him a name, sir; only let it be a Bible name." And instantly he proceeded with the services—"Pat-mos, I baptize thee," etc.

God should be first in all our loves, and to this end all parents should teach their children in the true helpful principles of love, so that as they begin to love any object, or person, or place, it would tend to lift them to better and more useful lives.

The Quiet Hour.

And sorrow grow to anguish, be thou strong;
And should the twilight darken into night,
Thou art in God, and nothing can go wrong
Which a fresh life-pulse cannot set aright.
That thou dost know the darkness, proves the light.
—George MacDonald.

VALUE OF THE QUIET HOUR.

There is one thing we must not overlook, which is almost essential to a life of blessedness; it is the being frequently alone with God, says Dr. G. B. F. Hallock. We can have Him with us in life's activities in any full degree only when we give ourselves suitable pause in which to think of God, to commune with Him, and to let Him come in and fill our souls. The time need not be long, but it should be habitual; preferably in the early part of the day, when our minds are fresh and our hearts unburdened. Every one of us needs this intercourse with God, and when we get it the effect is like when one looks at the sun. You gaze a moment at the sun, and then look about you on the earth, and everywhere you see the sun. Up the street in yonder doorway among the hurrying people—you seem to have brought the sun by your look, and now you see it all about you.

This same thing is what happens, too, disciple of Christ, when you recognize the religious value of a quiet hour, and give yourself pause to look into the face of God. By so doing you bring Him down into your immediate surroundings. In the midst of the thronging people who press upon your daily life, when you enter the doorway of your office, store or shop, or duties pursue you in the home, everywhere you see God, are conscious of His presence, and walk with His light irradiating the whole horizon of your activities.

"GOD ALWAYS HELPS."

The last words which the late President Harper of Chicago University spoke before his death were, "God always helps." However wise, however intellectual, however scholarly a man may be, his last thoughts turn to God. God stands at the close of all life. Good men do Him honor, bad men do not. A pure atheism is as impossible as it would be to discolor a rainbow. The atheist admits the being of God in his very denial of His existence. Atheism is a form of insanity. The fool hath said in his heart, "No God." In the last analysis, the normal mind always cognizes God. And to the normal mind the cognition is based on a probable theorism.

After Paul had been brought to the light, and reason was left to have right of way, he declared, "I know in whom I have believed." Yes, we know we know. And we know that this God always helps. He may not help us just in our time, but he helps in the end. He may not answer us according to our asking, but it is always an answer according to our infinite knowledge. He may not let us see his face, but He permits us to grasp the hem of his garment. Child that I am, in the kindergarten of Christ's school. I would rather have hold of the garments of the Teacher than see his face. I walk by faith and not by sight. To touch the garment's hem but strengthens my faith. God always helps us when he lets us reach out lame hands and touch him.

GOD'S CHOICE.

When the choice lies between happiness and usefulness, God always chooses the latter for his children. This is the key to so many a mystery. We seek joy, God seeks fruit. We pray for comfort, God sends trial. Not because He is unfeeling, but because He loves us too much to please us by injuring us.

"This is the consecrated dower
Thy chosen ones obtain,
To know Thy resurrection power
Through fellowship of pain."

The care-free life is not the cared-for life. The crown shines brightest upon the forehead where pain has ploughed her deepest furrow. That life is the loveliest that has been chiseled into beauty by the sharpest tool of sorrow. God is aiming at usefulness, not limited to earth, but reaching past all stars and compassing eternity. God has chosen us, and in his plan are woven both today and tomorrow and the eternal years; and He will not give us the happiness that can be purchased only by the diminished happiness of tomorrow. The most useful men of today are not the happiest ones. Our sorrow may be our best helper as we set ourselves resolutely to our life's work. —Zion's Herald.

Our Boys and Girls.

THE NEW BOY.

"I wonder where he picked up that party?" said Ralph Leighton, sitting upright on the grass plot and staring hard after the head master of the Brighton school. Ralph's remark referred particularly to the boy who walked at Mr. Enderly's heels.

He was rather a nondescript-looking chap, and his clothing had quite evidently been made for several boys of assorted sizes. None of it fitted him. He had staring, pale gray eyes; and his face was not altogether pleasant to look at, and his ears stood straight out.

Before the supper call, little Felix, the gardener's boy who did the errands, reported to Ralph that the new boy was named Ratcliffe, and that he was assigned to the attic dormitory in the annex.

"He'll have Stowell's old bed," said Percy Caine, who heard the report of the youngster. "I hope he's a decent sort of a fellow—one who doesn't blab," and he winked knowingly at Ralph. Both he and Leighton were occupants of the attic and there were known to be great times there.

"He's probably a milksop," said Ralph, gloomily. "Most of the head's pets are."

Young Felix grinned. "Isn't much milksop about this chap," he said; "he's from the city."

"New York?"

"Yes."

"In those cloths!" cried Ralph, doubtfully.

"He is. Guess he was pretty low down. Say, Ralph, what's a wharf rat?"

"A what?" demanded Leighton, scowling at Felix.

"A wharf rat. I heard Mrs. Childs and the head talking him over, and Mrs. Childs wanted to know if he wasn't afraid of introducing a 'wharf rat into a school among what she called 'honest, gentlemanly boys!' Ha, ha!"

"What could Childs have meant by calling him a 'wharf rat?' A wharf rat, at least in New York, means

one of those tough fellows who are always hanging round the docks looking for things to 'pick up.' They get their living, such as it is, by stealing. I've heard my father say so."

The senior Leighton was a police magnate in one of the lower districts of the city, and had once been interested in cleaning out his ward and sending to the State reformatories all of that floating class of dissolute youth found hanging about the river docks.

"He's well named," exclaimed Percy, with sudden amusement. "Ratcliffe sounds quite aristocratic."

The boys shortened his name to "Ratty" at once, and the suggestion that he had been a hanger-on of the docks, and an ill character in general, was promptly accepted. Ralph managed to make the existence of the stranger anything but pleasant. Sometimes Ratcliffe's face flushed wrathfully and his sinewy fingers clenched themselves. If Leighton and his chums had but known the victim of their cheap jokes better they would have respected the muscular power which lay in that sinewy form. But Ratcliffe could not be baited to fiight. He announced that he had come to Brighton to study, and being wofully deficient in even the commoner branches of learning, he had to study hard to make any progress whatever.

It was in the dormitory that he had to suffer the most, but he never uttered a word of complaint, nor would he report to the masters. The attic dormitory was so far from the rest of the institution that the masters seldom caught its occupants at their escapades.

"I'm here to learn," Ratcliffe declared, when the others urged him occasionally to enter into their frolics. "Mr. Enderly's given me a chance to be somebody, and I'll not waste my time as you fellows do."

"Id give a good deal to know where the head picked him up," Ralph declared to Percy. "Found him in the gutter somewhere, I'll be bound.'

This they finally discovered from the head himself, and very unexpectedly. It was one night when they had been "pitching into" Ratcliffe more heavily than usual. It had commenced by Percy throwing a pillow at him while he was unlacing his boots, and soon the odd boy was the mark for every pillow and other light missile in the room. He refused to fling them back. Pillow fighting was against the rules. Meanwhile, he was mark, as well, for all the taunting epithets and cheap puns that his mates could devise. There seems to be, at times, a streak of savagery in boys that nothing but the torturing of something or somebody satisfies.

In the height of the excitement the door opened quietly and the headmaster himself was in their midst. He had young Leighton by the ear before they were aware of his presence.

"What's this?" Mr. Enderly demanded, standing Ralph upright with more haste than dignity.

Profound silence fell upon the rioters.

"Is this a sample of your usual proceedings, young gentlemen?" he demanded. "Caine, you are monitor; you are demerited and lose your office. Ratcliffe, you were the recipient of these attentions, were you not?"

Ratcliffe was likewise silent, but the proof was self-evident; most of the pillows were heaped about him.

"You may put on your coat and shoes again and go to my office," said the head, sternly. Ratcliffe, still with tightly-closed lips, went out as directed.

As soon as he was gone, the master's manner changed a little. "I heard what you boys were saying when I came in," he said; "I know you have been persecuting for a long time the boy who has just gone out. You don't seem to like him because he isn't as well off or doesn't dress as well as some of yourselves. That is a priggish reason for disliking a person, and I hoped that none of my boys would ever set up such a false standard.

"Character and true worth are the standards by which to judge people, boys," and his voice grew kinder. "Don't make the mistake of judging by outward appearances. The boy in question has had a hard enough time in life. Don't you make it harder now. He came of good family, but his father died poor when Henry was a child. His mother just about starved to death over her needle in New York. The boy was left a legacy to the streets, as are so many like unfortunates. He has been knocked about the New York docks for years.

"I happened to be in Harlem last spring when a bridge then being built gave way and the workmen upon it were thrown into the river. I saw this boy, whom you so despise, save four of the unfortunate men from drowning. He risked his life by diving under the collapsed timbers in getting one man out. He has hidden somewhere the gold medal the humane society gave him for his bravery. Now, boys, one who has the pluck to do such a thing as that deserves respect.

"You will all write me two hundred lines for Saturday afternoon, Caine included. And remember, no more skylarking up here. You have all been reported before. I shall send Ratcliffe back with the monitor's badge. Now, to bed, every one of you!"

The boys obeyed the stern command very promptly; but when Ratcliffe crept softly in a little later they broke the rules by cheering him lustily, and the head master, at the foot of the stairs, chuckled over the result of his lecture.—The Sabbath School Visitor.

ROBERT LOUIS STEVENSON.

I am afraid you will gather very little biographical data from this "biographical sketch" of mine, for I am myself innocent of any statistical information concerning this man I love. I can only remember that long ago, in my early school days, I heard folks talk of "Dr. Jekyl and Mr. Hyde." I took ship for one rapturous half day with Jim and Old Silver on board the Hispaniola, and once they told me that a man named Stevenson was dead on a far-away island in the South Sea. But I do not know that it is necessary, in this instance, to make these burs of where and when stick in your mind. I just want to increase your interest in living, in existence, by talking to you enthusiastically of one who found life an absorbing experiment and death an adventure toward which his brave heart looked with childlike and undaunted curiosity.

And this man lived all his days in the intimate presence of death. For twenty years he fought a losing battle with this arch enemy of mankind. For twenty years he closed his eyes each night on an uncertainty and opened them with joyous surprise at the gift of a new day intrusted to his keeping—opened them to look squarely into the eyes of Death and to mock him where he stood. "Blindy Jock," he nicknamed the disease that was destroying him, and he speaks with quaint good cheer of the things he means to do, "if I can but mend me of my bellows." Al-

most from his infancy he was bound to the sick bed with the medicine bottle. His childhood was a long fight; a nervous wreck, seriously threatened with consumption, he entered upon his lifelong struggle with the destroyer—a struggle that, with varying turns of fortune, was to know no truce until the hero should lay down his arms in death in a far country the other side of the world. But not once was the silken fiber of his resolution broken; not once did hard fate render him unkind. To the last he remained the same brave and cheerful hero—true to his loves, true to his ideals, recklessly true to his conscience. Battling against fearful odds, he yet undauntedly pursued the labors he had set for himself. In the intervals of the conflict—aye, in the very thick of the fight—his inpurturable soul was ever engaged with the mysteries of human experience, always alert and alive to the significance of the life of men and women in this world which he had set himself to portray. To George Meredith, shortly before his death, he wrote: "For fourteen years I have not had a day's real health; I have awakened sick and gone to bed weary; and I have done my work unflinchingly. I have written in bed, and written out of it, written in hemorrhages, written in sickness, written torn by coughing, written when my head swam for weakness; and for so long, it seems to me I have won my wager and recovered my glove. And the battle goes on—ill or well is a trifle so as it goes. I was made for a contest, and the Powers have so willed that my battlefield should be this dingy, inglorious one of the bed and the physic bottle. At least I have not failed, but I would have preferred a place of trumpetings and the open air over my head." There you have a quick vision of his life—the blighting hand of ill health, the undaunted and unembittered pursuit of the appointed task; and yet a keen appreciation for all the bravery of action and deeds of high emprise from which his malady cut him off. The blood of a long line of engineers and men of action was in his veins, and he felt with Scott that, "to have done things worthy to be written is a dignity to which no man makes any approach who has only written things worthy to be read." This vivid feeling for the romance of high adventure beset him in all his days, and would not let his rest. Some one gave him General Hamley's "Operations of War," and immediately he is "drowned in it a thousand fathoms deep, and O that I had been a soldier is still my cry."

Yet there was not repining and weak complaint. He bravely accepted the situation and cheerfully made the best of it. In the travail of his soul he wrote "Will o' the Mill," one of the most pathetic of stories, for all its resolute cheerfulness a very apotheosis of renunciation and self-crucifixion. But he could not hoodwink his own tempestous heart. We find him at the end, in whimsical retrospect, mourning for the unbuilt lighthouses and envying the generous, full life of the strenuous men of yore, who could write, fight, and build bridges with indiscriminate versatality.

Such is the man the slight catalogue of whose actual performances we are to record and some of whose brave sayings we must repeat. For is not a brave saying the finest thing a man can give to the earth, lending to dumb deeds an informing grace and kindling in our hearts that generous enthusiasm that makes all noble deeds significant? At twenty-five, then, it was decided that life in England or Scotland was no longer possible. The pathetic warfare was carried to other fields, and "Ordered South" tells the story of his bootless voyaging, bootless only in that health did not come back, for now all his unwearying energy of soul was turned to literary expression, and lands whither the rack of pain had driven him were made to yield in the moral power of his essays that regenerative impulse that they denied his broken body. "An Inland Voyage" was the fruit of a canoe trip on the Seine with a single companion; "Travels with a Donkey," the record of another trip, this time on foot and alone, in quest of health among the Cevennes. It was while wandering thus through the sunny lands of Southern Europe that he met and fell in love with Fanny Osborne, an American woman. When she returned to her home, in California, it was like his boyish sense of the fine and romantic to drop all and follow her—a steerage passenger in an emigrant ship, sick, penniless, and yet carelessly happy because he was "doing right." "No man is of any use," he says, "until he has dared everything. . . . 'If ye have faith like a grain of mustard seed' That is so true! Just now I have faith as big as a cigar case. I will not say die, and I do not fear man or fortune."

He was near dying in San Francisco, however, if he had not been nursed back to strength by the woman who was to become his wife and to share all the future vicissitudes of his career. Together they tried the possibilities of life in France, on the Riviera, in Scotland, in England, in New York. Finally an idea that had been growing in his mind, inspired by many and random suggestions, took definite shape—to cruise in the South Sea, to lose himself in those far and lovely regions of the earth, to find health and strength, and—dream of his lifelong youth—**action** and **adventure**.. With characteristic abandon, trial of the project was made. A yacht was procured in San Francisco, and he entered upon the last period of his life, a lifelong exile, as it proved, for he was never able afterwards to return to any land of civilized society. Yet it is, perhaps, the least distressing portion of his story. Here at last, for considerable periods, he was able to play the man of action—in the saddle, on shipboard, in sunshine or in rain, laboring with his "boys" on his plantation, to a certain degree suffering danger and exposure through his wisely helpful interest in the intrigues and threatened wars of the chieftains. Colvin says that "he was able to wring a real, prolonged, and romanitcally successful adventure out of his voyages."

We cannot but feel, however, that the limitations of body were always irksome to his free and chivalrous spirit, whose reaction against the hard environment of his fate was always expressed in sayings of the most vibrant optimism. Here are some of his maxims, as Colvin gives them: "Acts may be forgiven, not even God can forgive the hanger-back;" "A fault known is a fault cured to the strong, but to the weak it is a fetter rivited;" "Choose the best if you can, or choose the worst; that which hangs in the wind dangles from the gibbet." His prayers for the morning service at Vailma speak the cravings of all noble hearts in their best moments. Here are a few sentences from them:

"Grant that we here before Thee may be set free from the fear of vicissitude and the fear of death, may finish what remains before us of our course without dishonor to ourselves or hurt to others. Deliver us from fear and favor, from mean hopes and cheap pleasures, and give at last rest to us weary."

"For Christ's sake let not our beloved blush for

us, nor we for them. Grant us but that and grant us to endure lesser ills unshaken, and to eccept death, loss, and disappointment as it were straws upon the tide of life."

"Give us grace and strength to forbear and to persevere. Offenders, give us grace and strength to accept and forgive offence. Give us courage and gayety and the quiet mind. Spare to us our friends; soften to us our enemies. Bless us, if it may be, in all our innocent endeavors. If it may not, give us strength to encounter that which is to come, that we may be brave in peril, constant in tribulation, temperate in wrath, and in all changes of fortune, and down to the gates of death loyal and loving to one another. As clay to the potter, as the windmill to the wind, as children of their sire, we beseech thee this help and mercy for Christ's sake."

Thus it was that, in the end, this "experimentalist in life," this adventurer of the spirit, grown wise through suffering and disaster, came at last to a formal acceptance of Christ, whose teachings he had once tried to sum up in a series of "sad and noble sayings: that happiness is not an end, but it is best to suffer all things and do well."

In Portsmouth Square, in San Francisco, where wanderers from every quarter stop at whiles to rest upon the benches. I have seen the fountain erected to the memory of Robert Louis Stevenson. On the pedestal is a bronze ship, her sails bellying to the rearing ocean winds that sweep through the streets of that city. It is the Hispaniola, and she is southward bound, to the South Sea and the Treasure Island. On the base of the mounment are carved these words in which Stevenson sums up his gospel of the whole duty of man: "To be honest, to be kind, to earn a little and spend a little less; to make upon the whole a family happier by his presence; to renounce where that shall be necessary, and not to be embittered; to keep a few friends, but these without capitulation; above all, on the same grim conditions, to keep friends with himself—here is a task for all that a man hath of fortitude and delicacy."

Long after the bronze hull of the ship is eaten up of verdigris, and when the marble of the monument shall have been blown as dust into the bay, the hearts of brave men treading that spot of land will be speaking to them in words much like these. If they obey them, we may be sure that they will know that somber joy of life, of living, of success and defeat, of pain, of renunciation, that was complete for Stevenson when he wrote for his far-away grave in Tutuila, on the mountain-side, far above the palm-fringed beaches of the Sunset Seas:

> "Under the wide and starry sky,
> Dig my grave and let me lie;
> Glad did I live and gladly die,
> And I lay me down with a will;
> Home is the sailor, home from the sea,
> And the hunter ,home from the hill."

Even that, I imagine, was the cry of some mortal weariness in him, written in a moment of depression and dismay in the so apparently hopeless struggle of the body. It does not sound like the ever-youthful voice of our hero—so alert, so interested, so conscious of a world not himself. From his letters and his familiars we know that it was with a spirit, like Kuskagagi, he came to his death "with a noble esntence on his lips." In such a moment of exalted calm his soul went singing out beyond the dark, and at last—"at last Will o' the Mill was gone upon his adventures."—Epworth Era.

THE EDUCATION OF TEN THOUSAND SUCCESSFUL MEN.

By Wm. B. Smith.

The editors of "Who's Who in America" have rendered the country a service by inducing more than ten thousand of the men now living in the United States who are "most notable in all departments of usefulness and reputable endeavor" to report their education. These men have won enviable distinction and the facts they give will help answer the questions, "Does education help one to success?" and "What amount of school training helps most?"

According to the last census there are in the United States 14,794,403 males over thirty years old. The United States Bureau of Education estimates that these are divided educationally as follows:

Class 2. With only common-school training or trained outside of organized schools, 12,054,335.

Class 3. With regular high-school training added, 657,432.

Class 4. With college or higher education added, 325,613.

Omitting the few persons under thirty years old, the report from 10,704 notables shows: Without education, none; self-taught, 24; home-taught, 278; with common-school training only, 1,066; with high-school training, 1,627; with college training, 7,709, of whom 6,129 were college graduates. That is:

From the 1,757,023 of Class 1 no notables reported.

From the 12,054,335 of Class 2 came 1,368, one of every 8,812 (24 of these report themselves as self-taught; 278 as privately taught).

From the 657,432 of Class 3 came 1,627, one for every 404.

From the 325,613 of Class 4 came 7,709, one for every 42.

It thus appears:

1. That from 1800 to 1870 the uneducated boy in the United States failed entirely to become so notable in any department of usefulness and reputable endeavor as to attract the attention of the "Who's Who" editors, and that only 24 self-taught men succeeded.

2. That a boy with only a common-school education had, in round numbers, one chance in 9,000.

3. That a high-school training increased this chance nearly twenty-two times.

4. That College education added gave the young man about ten times the chance of a high-school boy and two hundred times the chance of the boy whose training stopped with the common school.

5. That the A. B. graduate was pre-eminently successful and that the self-educated man was inconspicuous.

From the nature of the case it cannot be claimed that these classifications are exact, but they are based oupn the fullest statistics ever obtained, and the necessary estimates have been made by government experts. It is also doubtless true that other circumstances contributed to the success of these trained men, but after all reasonable allowances are made the fifigfiufirefis force the conclusion that the more school-training the American boy of that period had, the greater were his chances of distinction. How will it be in this century?

Love in right things is an evidence of a Christian life. "He that is born of God is made perfect in love."

WITHOUT CEREMONY.

There is in Philadelphia a young architecht who, though entitled by birth and breeding to enter the sacred precincts of Quaker City society, has always affected a supreme indifference to social distinction, even going so far as to evince a disinclination to observe the conventionalities.

This young man tells a good story on himself. It appears that when he had proposed to, and had been accepted by, the young woman who is now his wife he began at once to talk of the wedding arrangements.

"We will suggested the young man "do without some of the ridiculous fuss-and-feather business of marriage, we will go away somewhere by ourselves, my dear; there will be no flourish, no cards, no ceremony—

Whereupon the girl indignantly interrupted with this observation:

"My dear, we may dispense with the flourish, but I shall certainly insist upon a ceremony!"—Harper's Weekly.

COMPOSITION ON HENS.

A composition by a California boy reads as follows:

"Hens is curious animals. They don't have no nose, nor no teeth, nor no ears.

"The outside of hens is generally put into pillars and feather dusters. the inside of a hen is sometimes filled up with marbles and shirt-buttons and sich.

"A hen is very much smaller than a good many other animals, but they'll dig up more tomato plants than anything that ain't a hen.

"Hens is vey useful to lay eggs for plum pudding. I like plum pudding. Skinney Bates eat so much plum pudding once that it set him into the colliery.

"Hens has got wings and can fly when they are scart. I cut my Uncle William's hen's neck off with a hatchet and it scart her to death.

"Hens sometimes make very fine spring chickens."

ANY KIND OF OLD CARPET.

Mrs. Farmer—Josiah, I'm goin' to town tomorrow to buy a new carpet for the parlor. What kind had I better git?

Farmer Prosper—Any kind ye like, Belindy. It makes no diff'rence—bustles, exminister, croquette, or ingrate. Suit yerself.—Kansas City Journal.

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